

American *Journal* Red Cross

NEWS +

OCTOBER 1961



In all the excitement among the Wolf People, one boy's wish to do something important for the festivities kept being brushed aside until it was almost too late.

Swallow was an Alaskan Indian boy who lived long ago in the village of the Wolf People.

Now Swallow was greatly excited because his father, Fierce Wind, was about to become Chief of the village. And all the Wolf People were busy getting ready a wonderful party called a potlatch, just for Fierce Wind. Everyone but Swallow was helping with the dances, the gifts, or the feast.

"If only," he hoped, "they'll let me do something for the potlatch, too."

The best wood carver in the village came to Swallow's house. Carefully he looked at the wolf and bear faces carved on the totem pole beside the house.

"I'm going to pull this down," he said to Swallow. "Now that your father is to be a chief he needs a bigger totem pole."

"I wish I were a little bigger," Swallow complained, "so they'd let me work on the pole, because I want to help with the potlatch."

"Why don't you make your father a gift," the wood carver suggested.

"Yes," Swallow agreed, more excited than ever, "maybe they'll let me make a gift."

And he crawled into the house through the

The NEWS this month . . .

*COVER

State Trees, by Bob Hines..... 1
(Key to the cover on page 19)

STORIES

*Swallow and the Totem Pole..... 2
*Today Is the Best Day..... 10
*The Best Trick..... 20
*Gus, the Friendly Ghost..... 26

ARTICLES

*"I Pledge Allegiance"..... 31
*The Sea's Insiders..... 12

WHAT JUNIOR RED CROSS IS DOING

Interesting Things 7

SWALLOW AND THE TOTEM POLE

By Marjorie G. Fribourg

Illustrated by William Hutchinson

small round doorway to ask his mother, Flood Tide.

It was a dark one-room house of boards with two sets of platforms built out from the walls. Swallow found Flood Tide weaving by the fire pit.

"I want to make a gift," he said anxiously. "Everyone else is helping. I don't want to be the only one not doing something for the potlatch."

"Now, what could you do?" she murmured, half to herself.

Beside Flood Tide sat Swallow's oldest cousin, Swift-as-a-Fox. The bigger boy was making a dish out of cedar wood and smoothing it down with a fish skin.

VOL. 43 NO. 1 OCTOBER 1961

Too Much Is a Disaster	8
Write It Down Behind Your Ears	23
Witches, Goblins, and Ghosts	24
Getting Out the Vote	29
Barometer Rising—Work Steady	30
FIRST AID FACT NO. 8	
FIRST AID FACT NO. 8	14
*SONG: October Song.....	6
INSERT: Junior Red Cross Is an Apple for Teacher	15

*Contents of the NEWS are copyrighted. Please address editor concerning permission to reprint or adapt starred items and illustrations carrying credit lines. Other material may be freely reproduced without prior approval. A courtesy line is requested.



"This is too hard for Swallow," he said.
"Let him gather clams for supper."

"Yes," Flood Tide agreed, pleased with the idea. But Swallow had never been more disgusted. He made an awful face. Digging for clams was nothing special. He did that all the time. Why wouldn't they give him something to do for the potlatch?

"Go ahead, Swallow," his mother said. "Fill a basket with clams before your father and uncles come home from the seal hunt."

Unwillingly, Swallow took a basket and left the house to get the clams. Instead, he ran next door where a group of young people gaily practiced a dance for the potlatch. They all wore masks and looked like bears and wolves.

Stamping his feet to the booming of the drums was such fun.

"Give me a mask and let me dance at the potlatch," Swallow pleaded. No one heard or paid any attention to him. They were all too busy. Finally he sighed and moved sadly away.

Further up the beach he saw five fishermen building a canoe out of a cedar log. Two of them were scooping out the wood with stone hatchets. Another was splashing bay water into the log. Two more were heating stones in a small crackling fire. The hot stones, when dropped into the log, would warm the water

Stamping his feet in time to the
booming of the drums was fun.

and soften the wood. "That's just what I'd like to do. Build a canoe as a gift," Swallow decided.

"Let me help you," he begged the fishermen. "I could bring water or more stones."

"No, no," one of them answered. "This is our gift to the new chief. Your helping us wouldn't do."

Poor Swallow squatted at the water's edge in the best place to dig for clams and dug his fingers into the cold sticky mud, feeling for their hard shells. He had gathered quite a basketful when his father and uncles came paddling home.

"You've been gathering clams. That's fine," Fierce Wind said when he leaped from his canoe and saw the basket.

"What can I do to help with the potlatch?"
Swallow asked quickly.

"Right now you can help gather tonight's wood," Fierce Wind said. "But let's hurry. We're late this evening."

Again Swallow made a face. It was a terribly angry face. "Gathering wood is something I do all the time," he scolded. "It's nothing for the potlatch."

"But we need wood," his father smiled. And Swallow said no more.

They stopped at the house and Swallow gave his mother his basket of clams. Then all the men and boys of the family went into the forest and hunted through the pine trees for dead wood to burn. The big people cut down old branches. Swallow gathered an armload of twigs for kindling.

"Good boy," his father said as they trudged home to their supper of clams, dried fish, seaweed cakes, and greased berries.

"Tomorrow," Fierce Wind explained to Swift-as-a-Fox, "I want you to take six men and paddle my biggest canoe up the bay. Find the largest cedar tree you can in the hills. Bring it back to make my new totem."

"May I go, too?" Swallow shouted.

"Certainly you may go," his father chuckled.

Swallow loved going in the canoe. And more than anything, he wanted to help find the tree for the totem pole.

He was the first one up the next morning. He was the first one to take his bath in the icy waters of the bay. He gulped down his breakfast of greased berries in no time. In no time he dressed himself in his cloak and high-pointed straw hat.

"I'm ready," he shouted, long before Swift-as-a-Fox was even up.

Stroke, stroke, stroke. For hours the men paddled up the bay until they neared a steep

hill covered with cedars. Then Swift-as-a-Fox had them pull the canoe in between two giant rocks and tie it to a small pine.

"You stay here by the boat," he told Swallow.

"What?" Swallow couldn't have been more disappointed. "I want to help find the tree," he cried.

"You stay here," Swift-as-a-Fox repeated softly. "When we force down the tree, I want you far away so you can't get hurt."

Swallow made a long miserable face. He clenched his fists and held back the tears as the men went off without him.

After a while, he half-heartedly hunted for birds' eggs in the trees and, finding none, went wading in the cool water.

Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon, dark storm clouds gathered. Rain began to fall. *Plat, plat, plat*—then harder and harder it came. A strong wind drove the rain against the trees. The pines squeaked and bent. The canoe began to knock against the rocks. The air grew cold.

Swallow crawled under a hemlock tree, away from the storm. He pulled his cloak around him, smelled the sweet pine needles, and happily imagined he was in the dance at the potlatch. He pretended he was carving the new totem pole.

When the wind let up and the *plat, plat* of the raindrops stopped, he went to look at the canoe to be sure it was all right.

"It's gone!" he gasped. "It's broken loose."

A bit of torn rope was all that still clung to the pine tree by the rock. Surprised and frightened, he looked around the bay, and saw the canoe sailing off over the waves.

How could they get home without it? What could they do? "We have to have it," he shrieked, and jumped into the bay. With all his might, he swam after the canoe, but it kept getting farther away. The rough water felt like glue holding back his every stroke.

Slowly the wind died. But when he did over-

take the craft, he found that he could not get a grip on it. He couldn't reach the top of its side and there was nothing else to hold on to. Helplessly, he splashed around in the water. "Now what'll I do," he cried. Frantically he got behind the canoe and tried to push it.

Kick, kick, and shove, then kick, kick again, and another shove; the boat moved slightly. Little by little, Swallow worked his way nearer and nearer the land. He dared not rest, and

Swallow was delighted. He shoved the boat between the rocks just as two of the men were coming to help him.

"Well," Swift-as-a-Fox said, "we couldn't get this log home without that canoe, and if it hadn't been for you, Swallow, the canoe would have been gone. You've been the biggest help of all in bringing home the totem pole."

And when Swallow's father heard the story



Swallow loved going in the canoe. And this time the men would paddle far up the bay to find a totem tree.

it was a long way to the shallow water where he could stand up. Then it was easy. He walked along panting and pulling the canoe with him.

Swift-as-a-Fox and the men came back before Swallow could get all the way to the rocks. They saw the torn rope and could tell what had happened. Then they saw Swallow pulling the canoe.

"Good boy!" they shouted out over the water. "Good boy! You saved the boat!"

he was so pleased that he had the dancers add the tale of Swallow's adventure to their dance. They even let Swallow act his own part. And how do you think they started the story? Swallow was digging clams while the family was busy. Swallow was gathering kindling when the family was late getting wood.

"Why," Swallow said, "I was helping to get ready for the potlatch all along." And he made another face, only this time it was a big, happy grin.



October Song

Slowly

Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger

Oc - tob - er days breezy and fair Bring gladsome tunes to the air,

Come and gone the har - vest moon, Days will shorten soon!

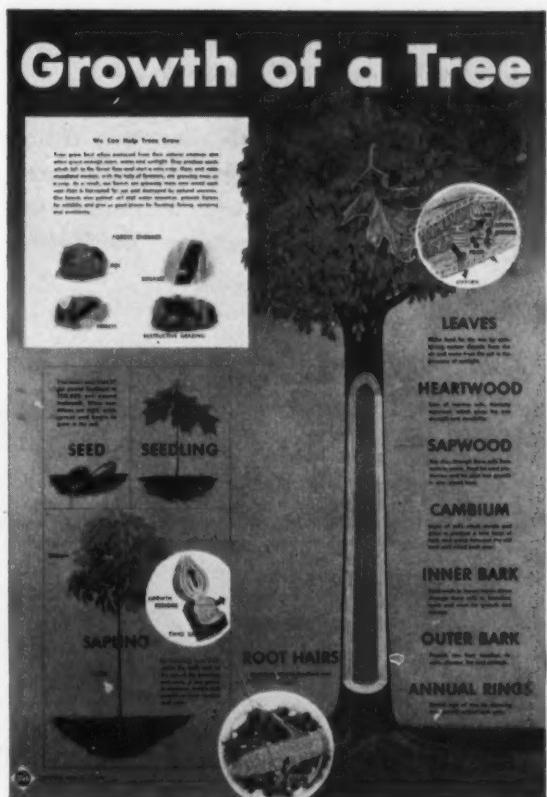
Leaves with red and gold now shine, Purple grapes hang on the vine,

Birds flying south, a - way up high, Are as care - free as you and I.

Illustrated by JACK LEFKOWITZ



WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW A TREE GROWS? A great big poster put out by the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1816 N Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., shows how. It pictures the growth of a tree from seed to maturity, also shows the parts of a tree. Ask your teacher to get it for your room. It's free.



THINGS NOBODY ELSE WANTS can be valuable. If you need proof, ask the boys and girls in Mrs. Gertrude Nelson's fifth grade class in St. Croix Falls, Wis.

They took the waste-product hardwood blocks that a yo-yo factory was glad to have somebody carry away, packaged them neatly, wrote letters to parents and teachers in which they pointed out how good blocks are for fun and for learning 1-2-3's, and sold them as their autumn Junior Red Cross project.

INTERESTING THINGS

Made \$36.50, which they used three ways. To buy the contents of four gift boxes they packed later in the year, to add to the Polk County Chapter's Junior Red Cross service fund, and to make a contribution that helped a local hospital buy an otoscope (an instrument used in ear examinations).



ST. CROIX FALLS, WIS—Blocks for fun, for practice in arithmetic, for money for JRC projects.

PEOPLE DISASTER HAS HURT often need things you don't see. Underwear, for example. Last year, the American Red Cross Children's Fund made it possible to put in Red Cross warehouses around the world enough underwear for 40,000 children. This underwear, with sweatshirts for 36,000 children, cost \$50,000 of the pennies, nickels, and dimes that boys and girls all over the United States have given to the Red Cross Children's Fund.

From the warehouses they can be sent quickly to places where large numbers of children need them after a fire, flood, earthquake, or storm.

TOO MUCH

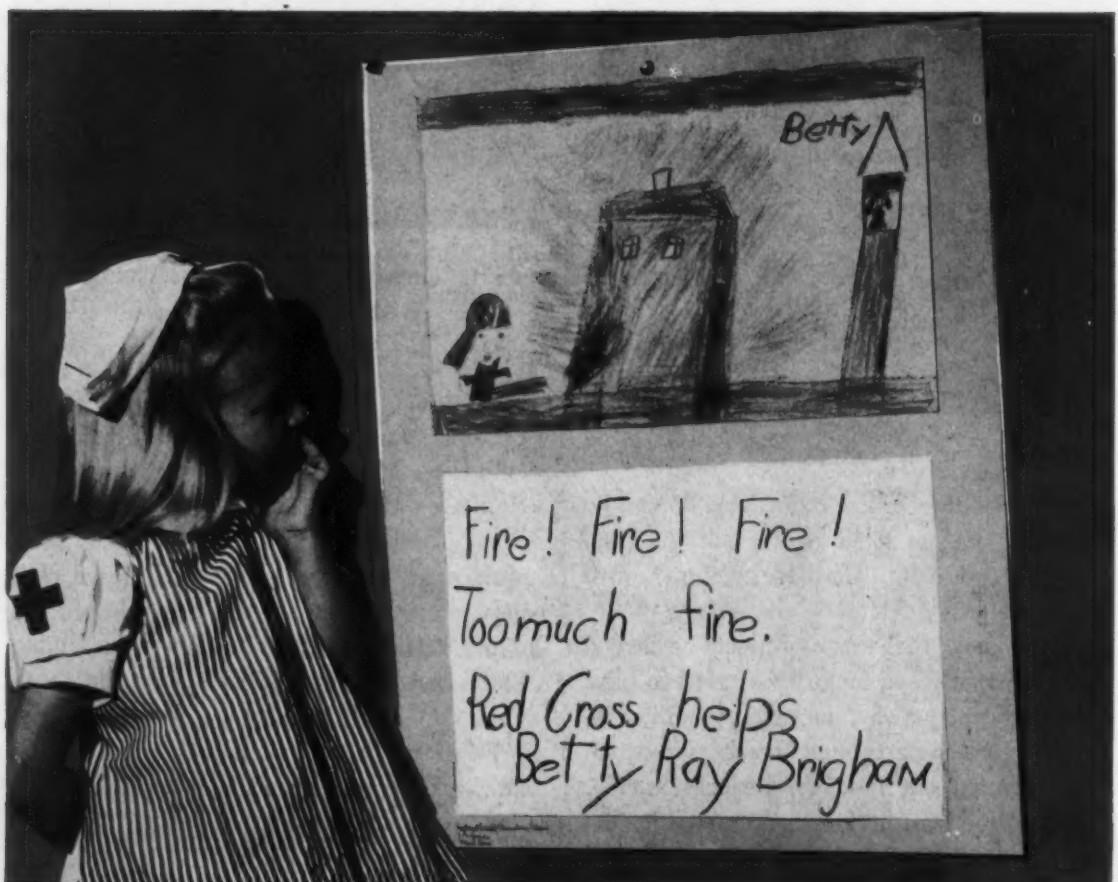
When you stop to think about it, that's all a disaster is—*too much!*

Fire in the fireplace or furnace is a friend. But too much fire hurts people, destroys houses and forests.

The quiet stream that flows through your town is a friend. It gives you water, is needed by the industries in your town. But too much water is a flood, is disaster.

We need wind. It moves the clouds

San Francisco, Calif., poster girl Christine Burrous admires art.



IS A DISASTER

along . . . brings rain when we need it . . . takes away the clouds and lets the sun shine on us again. But too much wind destroys . . . is a disaster.

All good thoughts for the 80th birthday of Red Cross service to Americans everywhere in time of disaster, dramatized in pictures by first graders at Raphael Weill Elementary School in San Francisco, Calif.

Posters are by first graders at Raphael Weill Elementary School.





TODAY is the

**Sometimes tomorrow becomes today too soon,
and it seemed so to the young Fishers for a while.**

"Come, children," said King Fisher. "Tomorrow is here. Today is tomorrow."

Queen Fisher said, "We will watch you from our favorite tree. Come, King."

Now Prince and Princess Fisher wanted very much to be brave about making their first dive from the telephone wire above the ground. But my, oh my, how far below them the pond looked!

"You go first!" said Princess. "You are an hour older than I."

"Oh, no," said Prince, "ladies first."

"Pooh! You always say that when you don't want to do something," pouted Princess.

King Fisher called to them kindly, "Watch me, children. It is easy. It is fun." Head first, he dived into the pond. He made hardly any splash at all. Then up he popped with a fish.

"See that, children?" said Queen Fisher.

But Princess said, "It is too foggy. I will dive tomorrow."

And Prince said, "There is an east wind. I will dive tomorrow, too."

King Fisher and Queen Fisher did not scold, did not coax. They just flew away sadly.

The next morning, the Fishers perched again on tree and wire. It was a sunny day. The wind was from the west. But to Prince and Princess the pond looked just as far below as before.

Princess said, "See the muddy water. I will dive tomorrow."

Prince said, "See the big waves. I will dive tomorrow, too."

King Fisher shook his crest. Queen Fisher gave a loud rattle. But they did not scold, did not coax. They just flew away very sadly.

On the third morning, Prince and Princess were absolutely sure they would dive, no matter what. It was a sunny day. The wind was from the west. The water was clear and the waves small. But the pond looked just as far below them as before.

Best Day

By Gladys R. Saxon



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Maybe they would hurt their heads.
Maybe turtles would bite their toes.

Princess said, "I am not hungry, so why should I dive to catch a fish? I will dive tomorrow."

Prince said, "I am not hungry. I will dive tomorrow, too."

Again, King Fisher and Queen Fisher did not scold, did not coax. But they flew away very, very sadly. Something must be done!

After a while, they flew back. King Fisher had a fat fish. He gave part of it to Queen Fisher.

"Especially delicious," said King Fisher. "Too bad you children are not hungry."

"Ummmm, really delicious!" said Queen Fisher. "Look, children! Below you! Two fish!"

"I am not hungry," said Princess, though she really was.

"Neither am I," said Prince, though he was hungrier than ever in his life.

They got hungrier and hungrier as the day

went by. And the weather got stormier and stormier.

At last, Princess gave in. "I wish I had tried this in good weather," she said, "but here I go!"

"Wait for me!" said Prince.

Together they dived into the pond. Splash! Splash! Up they came—with no hurt heads, no turtles biting their toes, but with no fish!

Once more, they dived. Prince caught a little fish, but dropped it.

Once more, they dived. This time, they both came up with fat fish. They flew proudly to King and Queen watching from the tree.

"Please have a piece of my fish," said Princess to her father.

"Please have a piece of my fish," said Prince to his mother.

How happy they all were! Prince and Princess knew that a hard thing gets harder and harder with each tomorrow. And King Fisher and Queen Fisher knew that they knew it.

THE SEA'S
INSIDERS

By Carolyn M. Crane

Most of us think of shells as fragile and beautiful, but they can also be treacherous enough to take a man's life. On the other hand, they have been costly enough to buy wives.

The golden cowrie shell was formerly worn by high-ranking chiefs in the Fiji Islands. As late as the 19th century, traders in Africa and Asia used long strings of cowrie shells to barter with the natives for ivory. At one time the natives in the South Pacific Islands used cowrie shells to decorate themselves, their wealth being measured by the number they had to display. Often the father of the bride was given shells in exchange for his daughter. Beads cut from the white and purple parts of quahog, or cherrystone, clam shells, strung on strands of skin, were used as money by the American Indians. (This was called *wampum* by Indians in the Eastern part of the country.)



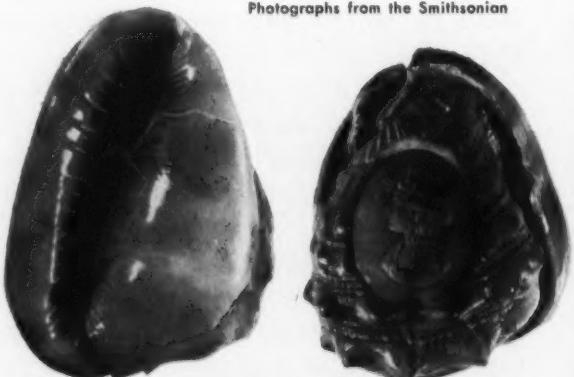
Quahog clam shell (*wampum* shell).

In the Middle Ages, scallops were worn on the hats of pilgrims to show they had visited the Holy Land. Certain flat, thin shells found in tropical waters are so transparent that one can read through them. Some of the people in the Philippines still use them for windows.

Today many unusual items are made from shells. No doubt you have seen earrings, necklaces, knife handles and buttons created from this unique animal substance. It is also used for inlaying furniture, musical instruments and other articles.

The translucent "mother of pearl" of some mollusk shells also furnishes material for combs and brushes. Sometimes a pearl is found detached in the oyster or mussel from the mother of pearl mass, but it is said that only one pearl oyster in a thousand contains a jewelry pearl.

Photographs from the Smithsonian



Helmet shell (*cameo* shell).

Cameos come from helmet shells whose dark undercoat, beneath a pale outer layer, lends itself very naturally to the hand carving of these shell pictures.

Shells vary greatly in size, ranging from a tiny speck to a length of several feet. Of all known living mollusks, the giant clam produces the largest shell. It reaches a length of four feet and can weigh up to 600 pounds. If he ever accidentally got caught in the grip of its relentless hold, the fisherman or pearl diver could meet an untimely fate. The queen conch, native to Florida and the West Indies, measures one foot or more in length.

No two shells are ever the same, even within the same species. Because of their resemblance to many objects with which we are familiar, we find them classified under such names as helmet, turban, lamp, razor, and top.

Shells are found in and along every ocean in the world. The tropical marine areas are richest in the number of species. Here, too, are the most colorful types.

Although it is one of the most silent forms of animal life, the mollusk is also one of the most active and spectacular. The shell is actually the skeleton, as well as the cover, of small animal organisms that secrete a mineral-containing substance periodically. This liquid (carbonate of lime) becomes crystallized and may form ridges, cords, or threads, which follow the general direction of the growth of the shell. Spines and grotesque formations may also be formed. The coon and thorny oysters possess these long delicate projections and are outstanding for their bright colors.

As the life of the animal progresses, perhaps 10-25 years, the shell becomes thicker and larger. However, it is probable that most of these shell animals live for only two or three years. Development is influenced by such outside forces as excessive cold, heat, water currents, waves and scarcity of food.

In certain kinds of mollusks, the shell

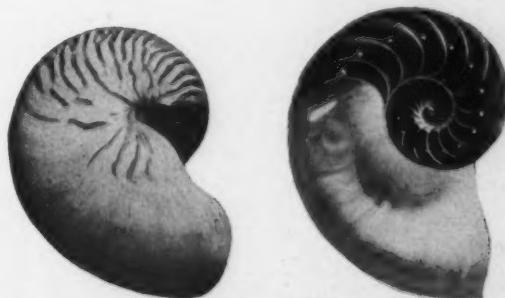
jealously guards its most precious feature, the lovely mother of pearl, which may be white, purple, rose, or a variation of shades. This is protected against the corrosion of acid waters by two outside layers.

Mother Nature has provided some mollusks with siphons (tube-like projections) through which they absorb their nourishment. They all have stomachs, hearts, nerves, and breathing organs. Some even possess eyes and ears. Their sense of smell and taste is keen.



Golden cowrie shell.

While the delicately tinted golden cowrie is perhaps one of the most beautiful shells, the chambered nautilus is without doubt one of the most unusual. It was after this shell that our first high-powered atomic submarine was named. Like the shell, the submarine is divided into compartments which can be shut off air-tight as the need arises. The chambered nautilus starts life as a tiny animal. Then, like most mollusks, as it accumulates enough minerals, it begins to form a shell made up of one chamber. As it grows, each additional partition is made larger and larger and the animal leaves the old compartment



Chambered nautilus shell and sectioned view.

for the newer and outer one. Pushing the air from chamber to chamber, it floats freely at the depth it chooses, using the same natural laws of buoyancy that man now uses in submarines.

The carrier shell is considered one of the oddest. It gathers and attaches to itself dead shells or coral pieces or stones, with the sole purpose of camouflaging itself. Holding its body close to foreign objects, it secretes a liquid which soon hardens (like glue), thus forming a permanent attachment.

Searching for specimens of outstanding quality or simple beauty of color, line, or form keeps those who treasure shells constantly interested.

Many people love shells. You may have gathered them from the time you were very small—holding them to your ear to hear the “roaring of the waves.”

Many of us have keepsakes we treasure today, but most of them are manufactured.

Proud man, however, has never been able to produce a shell. Only the great Creator can do that. ♦

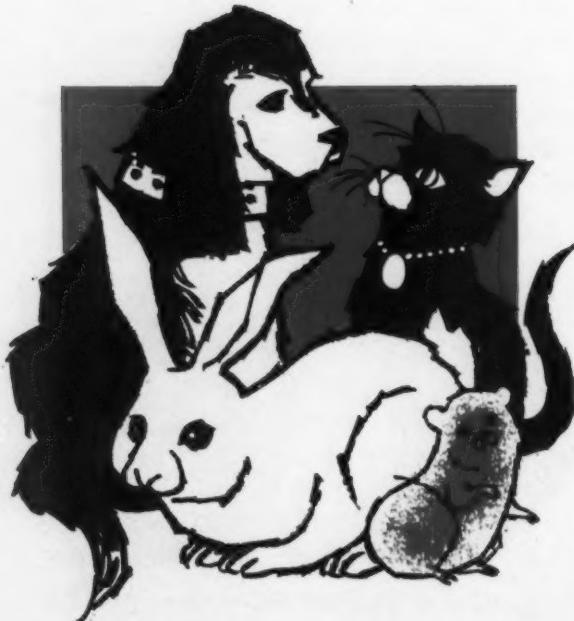
Coming
in your November NEWS

Four stories specially chosen for reading enjoyment.

An article about rubber—where it comes from, its history, its modern industrial age uses.

Plus a report of a top-flight Junior Red Cross exhibit . . . an imaginative and popular project to raise gift box money . . . many things to give thanks for.

FIRST AID FACT NO. 8



Cat . . . rabbit . . . hamster . . . dog.

Any of these animals might have rabies. And they can give it to other pets and to people.

It is usually spread by the bite of an animal that has rabies. But it can also be spread if an animal that has rabies merely licks an opening in the skin.

Be careful around stray animals.

If you should come in contact in any way with an animal who looks sick, tell your parents or teacher.

(Next month: What to do about a sick animal or one who has bitten someone.)



JUNIOR RED CROSS

can help you reach
some of the goals of
the elementary school.

YOU, the classroom
teacher, are the key to
an effective program.

TOGETHER
you and JRC can help
boys and girls develop

- the desire and skills
to serve others
- health of mind
and body
- public-minded
citizens
- skills in working
together
- high ideals in human
relations, nationally
and internationally.



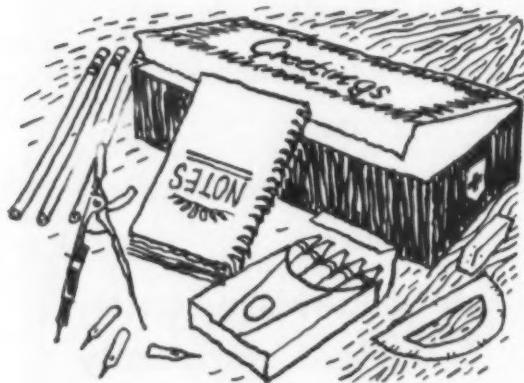
JUNIOR RED CROSS



Social Studies

Use stories and articles in the American Junior Red Cross NEWS to supplement study of geographic areas.

Study the country to which an international album will be sent.



Invite high school students who have taken part in Red Cross International Study Visits to present first-hand information about the countries they visited.

Pack JRC gift boxes as gestures of friendship and concern for the welfare of children in other lands.

Help the JRC teacher-sponsor set up a JRC council or committee within the school to coordinate Red Cross activities and to develop leadership and group skills.

Language Arts

Prepare an international album of correspondence and school work to send to children in another country.

Read stories in the American Junior Red Cross NEWS to younger children to help them develop understanding of a broader world.



Help JRC council plan an assembly program to introduce JRC enrollment or a service project.

Keep a booklet of news clippings of local, national, and international disasters. Study how and why Red Cross aids disaster victims.

Prepare news items for classroom and school newspapers describing Junior Red Cross activities of the school.

can contribute to the elementary curriculum in many ways. Here are some examples in —

Arts and Music

Prepare a program of music to present at hospitals or homes for children or the aged. Make holiday gifts and decorations such as tray mats and favors for use in community agencies.

Design and make stuffed toys for children in hospitals and disaster areas.

Design posters to tell the community about various Red Cross programs.



Compose songs about Junior Red Cross. (Lyrics by language arts classes.)

Construct toys and games for local needs.

Prepare an exhibit to tell the school JRC story, including samples of articles made by children. This may be placed in the school and in a public place so the program may be better understood by children, faculty, and parents.

Prepare an exhibit of photographs and art about community or school to send to another country. This may include a record or tape of our country's music.

Health and Safety

Invite Red Cross-trained people to supplement instruction in first aid, health, and safety.

Make use of Red Cross films and posters to promote safety programs.



Encourage children to participate in swimming lessons.

If the community takes part in a Blood Program, learn about the program in science and health classes through activities such as class discussion and dramatization. Plan a class visit to the blood center.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

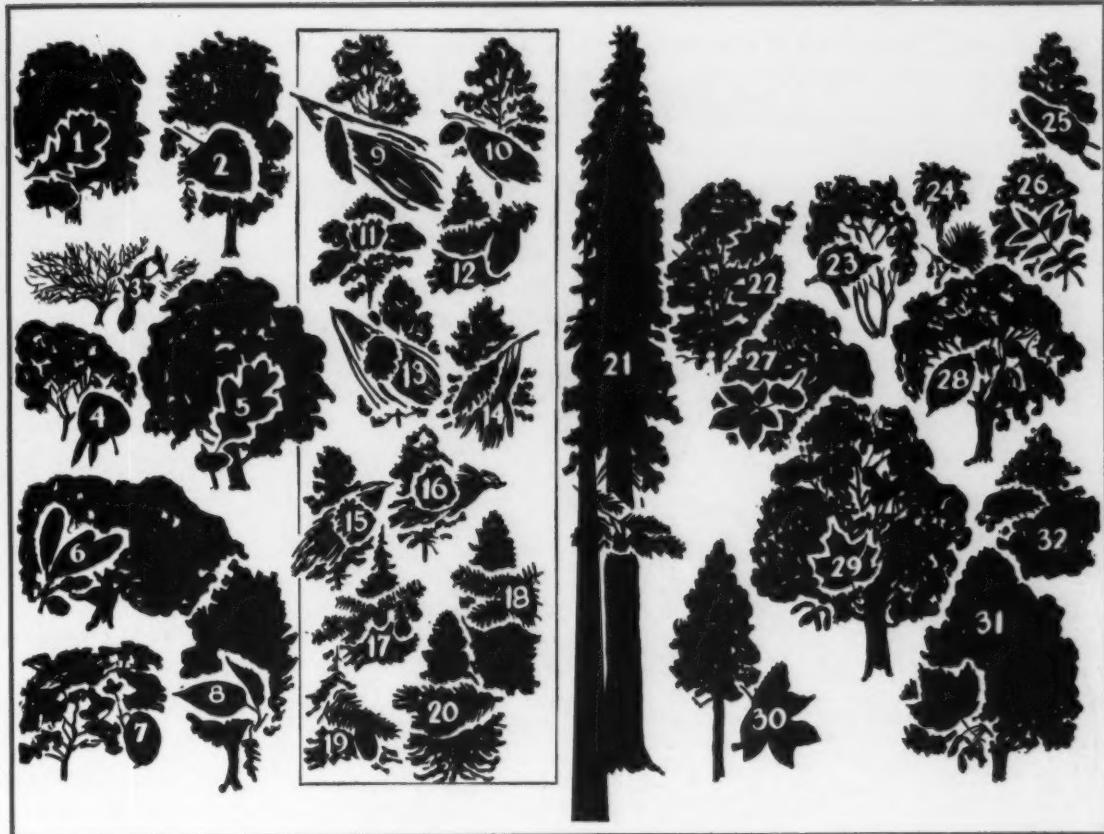
**translates its program
into action in school
and community**

Enrollment in Junior Red Cross provides an opportunity for developing leadership and carrying out creative practical activities. A conference with the JRC teacher-sponsor in your school will spotlight the local needs and the resources of Red Cross to help you. From colorful assembly programs to parties in community agencies to climax service projects, JRC activities can be used to enlarge the curriculum and to expand the child's world.

Together, you and JRC can turn the suggestions in this insert or other ideas coming from your classroom into action programs. For further information, consult your teacher-sponsor and the local Red Cross chapter.



**This special feature insert
was prepared for classroom
teachers by a committee
of educators and chapter
Junior Red Cross staff in
the Midwestern Area.**



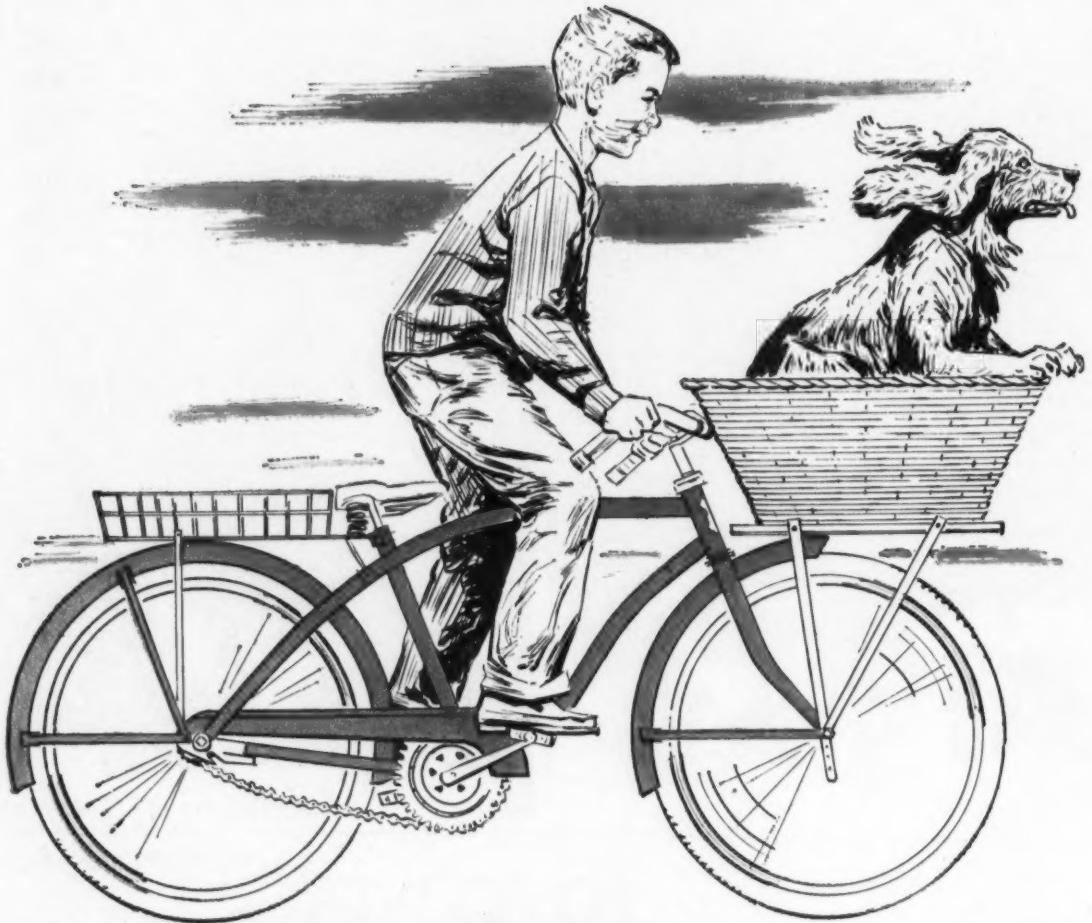
KEY TO COVER

All the trees on our cover this month are state trees. Each of the states' 32 official or accepted trees is pictured there by artist Bob Hines, who also did last year's state bird and state flower NEWS covers.

1. Burr Oak . . . Illinois
2. Eastern Cottonwood . . . Kansas
3. Blue Paloverde . . . Arizona
4. Red-Bud . . . Oklahoma
5. White Oak . . . Connecticut, Iowa, Maryland
6. Live Oak . . . Georgia
7. Flowering Dogwood . . . Missouri, Virginia
8. Balsam Poplar . . . Wyoming
9. Longleaf Pine . . . Alabama
10. Shortleaf Pine . . . Arkansas
11. Pinyon Pine . . . New Mexico
12. Blue Spruce . . . Colorado, Utah
13. Red Pine . . . Minnesota
14. White Pine . . . Maine, Michigan, Idaho
15. Ponderosa Pine . . . Montana

16. Singleleaf Pinyon Pine . . . Nevada
17. Eastern Hemlock . . . Pennsylvania
18. Douglas Fir . . . Oregon
19. Western Hemlock . . . Washington
20. Black Hills Spruce . . . South Dakota
21. Redwood . . . California
22. Red Oak . . . New Jersey
23. White Birch . . . New Hampshire
24. Cabbage Palmetto . . . Florida, South Carolina
25. Magnolia . . . Mississippi
26. Pecan . . . Texas
27. Ohio Buckeye . . . Ohio
28. American Elm . . . Massachusetts, Nebraska, North Dakota
29. Sugar Maple . . . New York, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin
30. Tulip Tree . . . Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee
31. Red Maple . . . Rhode Island
32. American Holly . . . Delaware

No state tree for Alaska, District of Columbia, Hawaii, Louisiana, North Carolina. ♦



THE BEST TRICK

By Florence Wightman Rowland

Patience and love were what Lady needed to recover. Could money pay for them . . . ?

Johnny had almost forgotten that Lady was not his own dog. Burying his face in the long, silky hair behind the spaniel's drooping ears, he hugged her hard.

Lovingly, he whispered, "I'm glad you found us."

Still hugging her, Johnny remembered again how the half starved dog had crawled into their front yard more than a year ago. She had no strength left to go farther than the Minton farm near Fresno in California.

Now, as Johnny hugged her again, she

licked his face with a warm, rough tongue. There was no doubt in Johnny's mind that Lady loved him, too. From the very first, they had been great pals.

They went everywhere together. There was only one place he could not take the dog with him. That was on the school bus. Lady, however, always waited at the bus stop in the afternoon to walk him home.

Johnny knew that he would never quite forget the day when he had found the spaniel lying near their front gate. She had been lying with her eyes closed, panting feebly, as if each breath hurt her.

Afraid she would die, Johnny had raced to

find his father. He finally found him in the barn getting ready to milk their cows. Mr. Minton had gently carried the sick dog into their big kitchen. Quickly, Mom found an old blanket and folded it to make a soft bed near the cookstove where it would be warm.

Then there were the long, anxious hours of trying to keep the dog alive. They had called in a veterinarian, who brought medicine for her and told the Mintons to make her eat. But this had proved hard to do.

Finally, Lady must have felt their concern and devotion. Slowly, she ate a little of the food from the small bowl Johnny held close to her mouth.

Days later, the small dog stood up, wobbled, then flopped down weakly on the blanket. But Johnny had felt greatly encouraged and so had his parents.

It was then that Johnny asked, "She's going to get well, isn't she, Mom?"

"Of course! With good food and lots of love, she'll come around. But, it'll take time."



ILLUSTRATED BY PERC CROWELL

Even with the doctor's help, it was months before Lady was as good as new. But, finally, she could romp with Johnny whenever he had time from his farm chores to play with her.

Mr. Minton had put ads in the local paper and in the Fresno papers, too. He tried to find the dog's owner, but no one came to claim her. Not knowing her real name, Johnny had chosen to call her Lady.

Right after breakfast on this Saturday

morning, Johnny started out for the village. Mom needed sugar for the cookies she planned to bake for his school lunches. As always, he rode his bicycle. Lady sat snug and safe in the big wicker basket out over the front wheel.

After Johnny put the package of sugar in the small rear basket, strapping it down, he lifted Lady into the other basket. As he started home, someone called out, "Stop! Wait!"

A tall man walked toward Johnny, but instead of speaking to him, he said, "Hello, Dinah!"

The spaniel almost jumped out of the basket. She yipped joyfully. In dismay, Johnny watched as the stranger picked her up.

Despair swept over Johnny as he watched Lady lick the man's face as if to say, "Hello! Where have you been?"

Looking at Johnny, the man said, "I'm Mr. Hill. I live in Fresno. This is *my* dog. I tried to find her. Oh, how I've missed her."

Johnny could not speak. There was a lump in his throat that was too big to swallow.

Mr. Hill went on, stroking Dinah's silky coat. "Where do you live? I'd like to talk to your folks before taking my dog home."

Lady looked blurred as Johnny blinked hard to keep the tears back. "I'm Johnny Minton. Our farm's about two miles away."

Mr. Hill put the dog back in Johnny's basket. "I'll follow you in my car," he said.

All of the way home Johnny kept pretending this had not happened, but when he listened to his parents and Mr. Hill discussing ownership of Lady, he knew there was no hope left. In another minute or two, the dog would go away and Johnny would never see her again.

"I'd like to prove Dinah is my dog," Mr. Hill explained, looking at Johnny's parents.

For the next five minutes, Johnny watched simply fascinated. Mr. Hill made Lady turn over, sit up, fetch a stick, and leap through a circle made by his hands and arms.

"I didn't know Lady could do tricks," Johnny said, greatly impressed.

Mr. Hill concluded, "Here is the hardest trick of all." Taking a piece of dog candy from a pocket, he put the tidbit on the spaniel's stubby nose. "Toss it in the air, Dinah," he ordered. "Catch it in your mouth when I say, three. One, two, *three!*"

Scarcely breathing, Johnny watched as Dinah did what she was told. It was a neat trick all right.

Impatiently, Mom said, "You've proved your point, Mr. Hill. Now, take her away as quickly as you can. This is hard on the boy."

Mr. Hill stared down at Johnny, a serious look on his face. Then, he pulled out his wallet and said, "Before I go, I want to pay for Dinah's care, the ads, and those doctor bills. What do I owe you, Mr. Minton?"

Johnny watched his father's face. There was a quiet dignity in his voice when he answered. "There are some things you can't pay for, sir."

Sheepishly, Mr. Hill put the wallet back into his pocket. He cleared his throat and picked up Dinah. Without a word he turned and walked toward his parked car.

But, this time, the spaniel twisted around in his arms. Pawing him, she struggled to get down. She whined and looked back at Johnny, and yipped sadly.

Suddenly, Mr. Hill stopped and put her down on the ground. The small dog ran back and leaped up on Johnny. Mr. Hill said, "You taught her the best trick of all, Johnny."

"I did?" What could he mean?

"Yes, you taught her gratitude and devotion. She *wants* to stay with you. I can see that. So, she's yours!"

Not quite believing it, Johnny stroked Lady's head. He blurted out gratefully, "Thank you, Mr. Hill. Thank you very much." He picked her up and smiled as the man climbed into his car and drove away alone.



Write It Down Behind Your Ears

That's the name of the poster you see here. It's the way that people in Czechoslovakia say: Remember this!

The poster is one of many that the Czech Red Cross publishes in a national campaign to teach children about first aid, life-saving, and hygiene. All are colorful. Some are long and thin, like this one. Others are the usual poster size and shape.

Reading down from "Write it down behind your ears" at the top, the words under each picture say: (*first picture*) He who doesn't want to clean his teeth will be very sorry; (*second picture*) Don't forget to wash after using the bathroom; (*third picture*) Your snack will be germs if you eat in the dirt; (*fourth picture*) Wear short nails—long ones are for pigs; and (*last picture*) Before you sneeze, put your handkerchief before your mouth.

By the way, about one word under the last picture. Czech children don't go "achoo!" when they sneeze. They go "p-cheek!" ♦



SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Garfield School boys make hats for monthly party in tuberculosis sanitarium.



WITCHES, GOBLINS, AND GHOSTS

. . . are all around on Halloween, which itself has been around for a long time.

When the occasion that we call Halloween began, nobody knows. Long ago in England, before anyone wrote history down, the Druids believed that on October 31 the souls of those who had died during the year before were gathered together and told what form they would have during the new year, which for the Druids began on November 1. From the secret rites practiced on this occasion,



WILMINGTON, DEL.—David W. Harlan School art teacher, JRCers admire centerpieces for veterans hospital party.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—This trio went spooking off to the naval hospital from School of the Madeleine.

with many changes over the centuries, has come our Halloween.

During those centuries, Halloween came to belong especially to children and the mysterious things that children see and know in the dark. Since all children see and understand these things, what could be more natural than for children to create Halloween's witches and goblins and ghosts for others who can't go out to see for themselves on the magic Halloween evening?





Gus, the Friendly Ghost

By Jane Thayer

There was once a friendly and obliging ghost by the name of Gus. He lived in an old house in the country with apple trees and lilacs in the yard.

Some people lived there, too, in the summer. The people didn't believe in ghosts, so they didn't believe in Gus. But they liked to say to their friends, "We've got a ghost!"

Being obliging, Gus rattled and clanked, bumped and thumped, the way ghosts are supposed to.

"We've got a ghost!" said the people proudly, though they didn't believe in ghosts.

Then autumn came and the people left. No need to bump and thump now. Gus had nothing to do but sit around.

One day he was so lonely, sitting around by himself, that he went for a walk. And he met a mouse. "How are you?" said Gus.

"F-freezing!" said Mouse, with chattering teeth.

"Come and spend the winter at my house!" cried Gus.

"O.K.," said Mouse.

Mouse scurried about, looking the house over. It seemed like a good place to spend

the winter, but it was chilly. "Let's build a fire in the fireplace," said Mouse, with chattering teeth. "I'll get a match."

He scurried to the kitchen. But the people had taken all the matches away, on account of mice.

"Bother!" cried Mouse.

Gus had never built a fire; ghosts never get cold. But he wanted Mouse to be happy in his house, so Gus said some ghostly words he knew, and a fire began to blaze in the fireplace.

"Well!" said Mouse with delight. "How about a cup of coffee? I'll put the coffee pot on the stove."

He scurried to the kitchen. But the people had taken all the food, on account of mice.

"Bother!" cried Mouse.

Gus had never cooked a meal; ghosts never get hungry. But he wanted Mouse to be happy in his house, so Gus said some more ghostly words, and coffee began to bubble on the stove.

"Well!" said Mouse with delight.

"Toasted cheese sandwich?" said Gus.

"There isn't any . . ." began Mouse. Then he saw that Gus was slicing a big piece of cheese. Gus was delighted that he had thought of the cheese.

Gus pulled a table up to the hearth. He piled nine pillows in a chair for Mouse. Mouse enjoyed his coffee and toasted cheese.

Finally Mouse wiped his whiskers. "Which is my room?" he said.

"Take your pick," said Gus.

"Bed will certainly feel good!" said Mouse. He scurried into the front bedroom. But the people had put pliofilm all over the bed, on account of mice. Mouse made a face. "I do hate pliofilm!" he said.

He scurried into the back bedroom. "I'll curl up in a bureau drawer." But the people had put mothballs in the drawer, on account of mice, of course. Mouse made a terrible face. "I do hate a mothball!" he said.

Gus wanted Mouse to be happy in his house. "Try the attic," he said.

Mouse ducked into a hole in the wall that Gus showed him and found his way to the attic. He burrowed into an old mattress and went to sleep in the warm stuffing.

Gus washed the dishes. He was delighted to have Mouse in the house for company.

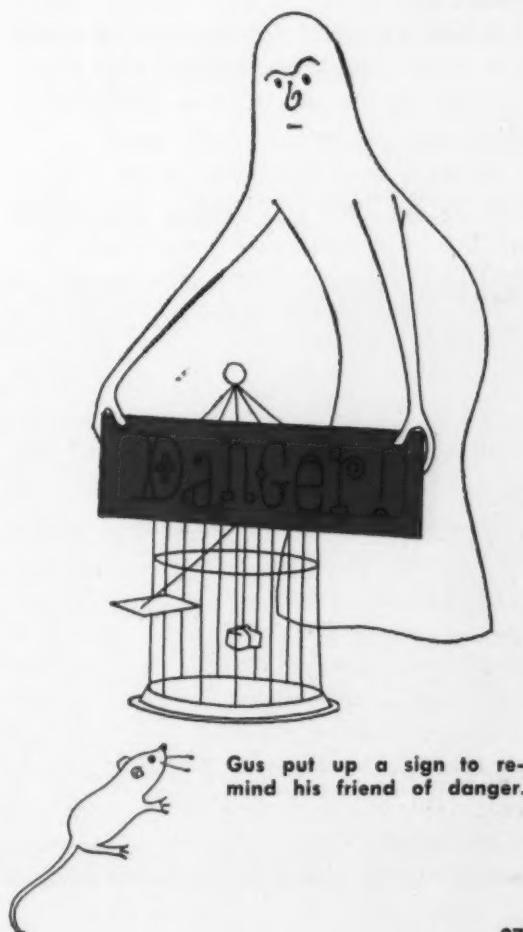
Suddenly Gus heard a pounding. Dear me, that will frighten my friend, he thought! He rushed upstairs. Mouse's ears and eyes were poking out of the mattress. "Are those people back?" he cried.

"Oh no, that's the carpenter," said Gus. "They told him to close up all the holes, so mice couldn't get in."

"What about getting out?" cried Mouse.

"Hole around the water pipe. I'll show

Illustrated by Harry Goff



Gus put up a sign to remind his friend of danger.

you," said Gus. "But don't go! Aren't you hungry?"

"What are we having for dinner?" said Mouse.

Gus began to be very busy. Mouse liked his three meals a day, with nibbles in between. Gus wanted Mouse to be happy. So he put on a large apron. He got out a cookbook. He looked up all the things a mouse might like to eat.

He spilled sugar all over the floor. He got flour all over his face. He burned his fingers.

But he made macaroni and cheese and cheesecake. He whipped up cheese omelets and cheese sauces. He baked oatmeal bread, oatmeal cookies, corn bread, and whole-wheat muffins.

He had all the pans to wash. He mopped the floor. He carried the wood and built the fires. He went to market with a market basket.

Mouse never had time to help, he was so busy with various matters. But Gus was so friendly and obliging that he didn't mind. Mouse grew plump on cheese sauce.

At night when it snowed, Mouse read to Gus by the fire. Sometimes they played checkers. Sometimes they popped corn. Firelight flickered on the old window panes and smoke curled up the chimney. No one was near to notice.

But at last the snow melted and the sun grew warm. The buds on the apple trees swelled. The lilacs burst into bloom. And one day a car drove into the yard. The summer people were back.

Mouse was scared out of his wits. He ducked into the hole in the wall and rushed to the attic. When he peeked out of the mattress and saw his friend Gus, he cried, "How can we scare them away?"

Gus didn't think they could scare them away. But he was too kind to tell Mouse, so he said, "I'll rattle and clank." That night he rattled and clanked in the attic.

The people tiptoed up to the attic. "Just a ghost," they said.

"How else can we scare them away?" said Mouse.

"I'll bump and thump," said Gus. That night Gus and Mouse both bumped and thumped in the attic. The people came up. Mouse sat there and made faces.

"A mouse. We'll set a trap," said the people.

Next day Mouse saw a new thing in the attic and smelled something good. He was hungry because he didn't dare go near the kitchen. His nose quivered at the good smell. He crept closer . . . and closer . . .

"Keep away!" cried Gus.

"It's cheese!" said Mouse.

"It's a trap to catch you!" said Gus. He put up a sign that said DANGER.

Every night Mouse and Gus bumped and thumped. But they didn't scare the people away. A new trap appeared, then another. Gus kept putting up signs that said BEWARE.

At last Mouse was so surrounded by DANGER and BEWARE signs that he said, "Do you think I'd better move out?"

Gus hated to have his little friend go. But he did not think that Mouse and the people would ever get along. I'd never forgive myself if anything happened, he thought.

"Well, just till they go away," he said, and he showed Mouse the hole around the water pipe.

Mouse looked down the hole. He looked back at his friend. "Where will you be?" he said.

"Rattling around," said Gus.

They heard the people coming. Mouse ducked quickly down the hole and was gone.

And Gus, who was such a friendly and obliging ghost, called softly after him.

"Don't forget to come back! We'll have cheese croquettes, cheese dumplings, and crackers and cheese for dinner!"

GETTING OUT THE VOTE

There's nothing like a rousing, hard-fought election campaign to stir interest all around.

At Thonotosassa School in Tampa, Fla., they had such a campaign to elect school Junior Red Cross officers.

The campaign was complete with posters, buttons, songs, and speeches—just like the presidential campaign on which it was patterned. It lasted for a very hectic week and was waged before school, at recess, and after school.

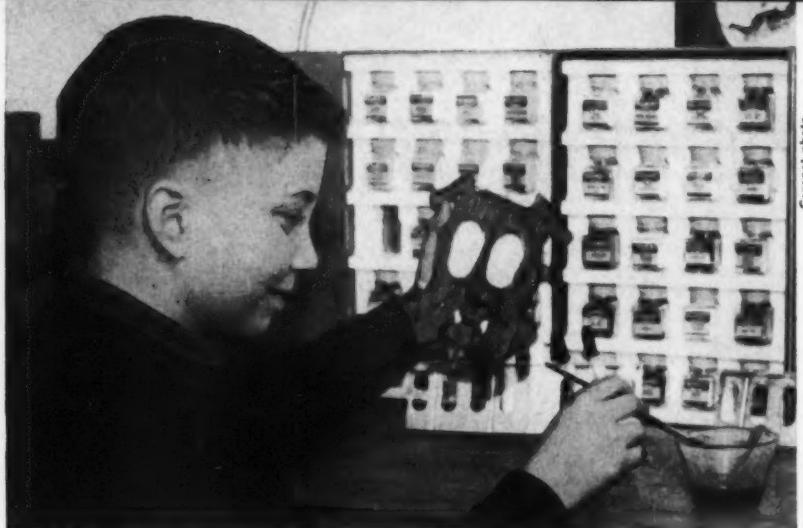
The campaign did a lot more than stir up enthusiasm. It was an experience in electing the boys and girls who would serve the school as Junior Red Cross leaders. And it gave everyone in the school a chance to hear about Junior Red Cross and learn how Junior Red Cross members help others. Altogether, it was citizenship with fun.



TAMPA, FLA.—Thonotosassa School second and third graders ready to check in and be counted.

Gandy photo





PLAINFIELD, N.J.—Executive Sam Pessaroff uses ingenuity, plywood, blotter paper and chemistry for a JRC fund-raiser.

Barometer Rising—Work Steady

"Say something nice, and you describe him."

That's how Mrs. Alice Thompson, a teacher at the Cedarbrook School, Plainfield, N.J., describes Sam Pessaroff.

She also said he is just a "regular boy," but there is something unusual about Sam. He's a working executive, too.

Last year, when Sam was still a Cub Scout, he and a group of his friends decided to take on a project to make money that would help others. They decided to make barometers in the shape of a friendly puppy's face, and they elected Sam to head up the project.

Sam made the first one at his Cub Scout den, to show how it's done. He cut a piece of plywood in the shape of a puppy face, leav-

ing two big holes for eyes. Into the eye-spaces went blotter paper painted with cobalt chloride from a home chemistry set. Result: a pup whose blue eyes mean fair weather, but when they're pink, it's wet, or going to be soon.

With supplies bought with small change shaken loose from fathers, the group set to work. The finished barometers went for 60 cents each.

When they had all been snapped up, Sam took the proceeds down to the Plainfield Area Red Cross Chapter, where he plunked down 100 crisp new dollar bills "to help children in places like Chile where they have earthquakes."

Sam, you see, is his homeroom's Junior Red Cross representative. ♦

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

E. ROLAND HARRIMAN Chairman
ALFRED M. GRUENTHER President

OFFICE OF EDUCATIONAL RELATIONS

ROBERT G. GORDON Director
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR, JOSEPH L. GRAHAM Deputy Directors
TERRY TOWNSEND Program Development Director
THOMAS A. DEVINE, DOROTHY B. TAAFFE Assistant Directors
Area Directors—CLYDE HOWARD (Southeastern), ELDON W. MASON (Midwestern), HORACE MOORE (Eastern), (Pacific, vacant).

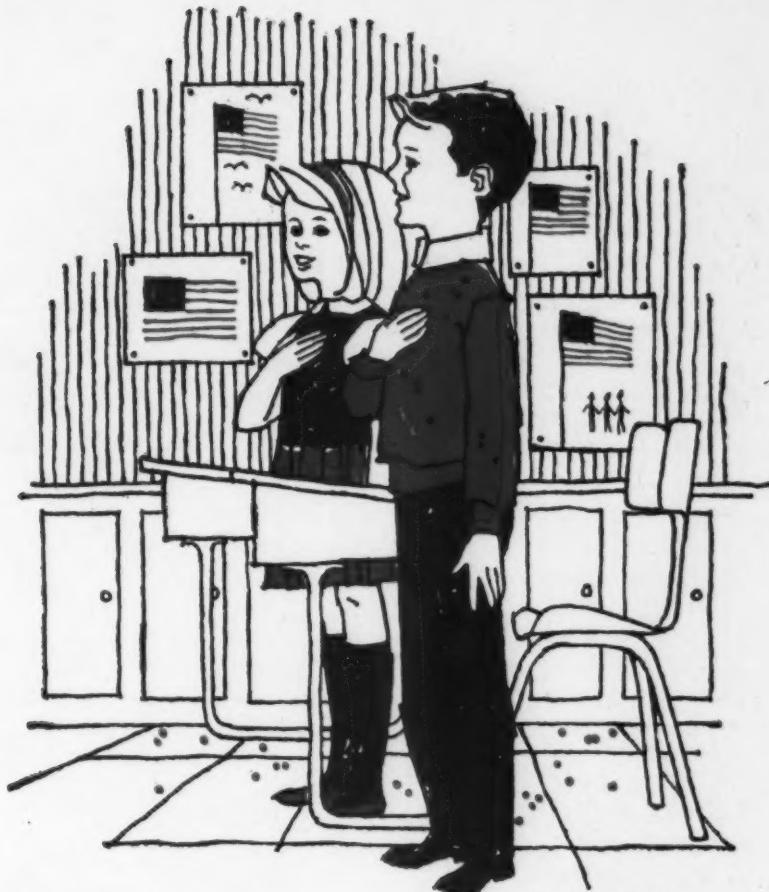
NEWS EDITORIAL STAFF

MAURICE FLAGG Editor
PAULINE JENNINGS Managing Editor
VIRGINIA D. LAUTZ Art Editor
RUTH B. BEALE, PATRICIA COULTER, THELMA HARTLEY Assistants

The American Junior Red Cross NEWS is published monthly, October through May, and is copyrighted 1961 by the American National Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Membership in the American Junior Red Cross is maintained through the annual enrollment of schools. Each elementary classroom enrolled is entitled to receive one copy of each of the eight issues of the American Junior Red Cross NEWS, beginning with the February issue. For other information concerning the American Junior Red Cross, see your local Junior Red Cross chairman. National enrollment fee \$1.00 annually per classroom. Extra copies of the NEWS are available at 15¢ a single copy.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices.



By Louella Brammer
ILLUSTRATED BY TIM EVANS

★ CHILDREN:

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America.

★ TEACHER:

We promise to be faithful to the flag. To love, honor and protect it from all harm.

★ CHILDREN:

And to the Republic for which it stands.

★ TEACHER:

Our country, the United States of America, is called a Republic because it is ruled by its people. Therefore, we promise also to honor and protect the Republic for which the flag stands.

★ CHILDREN:

One nation under God, indivisible.

★ TEACHER:

Our nation, which means all of the people of the United States standing together, is strong. We believe in God. We believe in God's love for us. Our nation is indivisible: It cannot be divided or torn apart by enemies because we stand ready to work together, under God, to protect it at all times.

★ CHILDREN:

With liberty and justice for all.

★ TEACHER:

Our nation tries to be fair to everyone. It gives freedom to all who live here and who love our country as we do.

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE



